

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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NEVER MORE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I often pass it by,
And the sunbeams golden lie,
Where the crimson roses cluster by the door;
And the breeze sink and swell
As a dreamy, sad farewell,
For a childish form that moveth there no more.

The softened shadows creep
Where the blushing flowers weep,
And the rustling pine trees murmur as they
wait,
Of an airy, careless step
That they cannot quite forget,
And a dimpled face beside the garden gate.

In the purple violet's eye,
Two tear drops ever lie,
And the lily whispers to her sister flowers,
Of a child with golden hair
Who will never more be there,
To charm away the summer's sunny hours.

Of a rosy, dimpled face,
And a form of myrtle grace,
That fitted on the walk and by the door,
With the red upon her lips,
Brighter than the roses up,
Who will sing among the flowers never more.

I turn with eager eye
As I pass the homestead by,
With a longing for the music of her step,
But the flowers are waiting still,
As they ever, ever will,
For a fairy form they cannot quite forget.

MARY T.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

AUTHOR OF "ARTHUR'S BRIDE," "FRANCIS OF
THE FURIES," "FRANKIE FLEMING," "CLARA
MORELAND," "FISHER WILKIN," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of
the District Court of the United States, in and for
the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

By this time the sun had fairly set, and the
shadows of night were rapidly settling over the
surrounding scene. I called the sergeant aside,
and, after a brief consultation, decided to ride
forward, as soon as it should be fairly dark, and
quietly surround the dwelling of Don Ramon,
where I was to enter alone and present my letters.
What might follow we could not know; but the
men were to keep their positions and remain
passive till either my return or signal for at-
tack; which latter was to be a shrill note on a
housewife's whistle, which had been presented to
me by a sailor on our last voyage.

A few minutes later we fled out of the wood,
and occupied the best part of half an hour in
reaching the hacienda and surrounding the dis-
ciple of Don Ramon. The night was a clear
starlight, without moon; and the sergeant and
myself succeeded in passing the men, and giving
them secret instructions, without as we believed
being discovered. This done, I quietly dis-
mounted, and leaving my horse in charge of a
skilled American, with orders to bring him to
the gate, if he heard an alarm, and hold him
ready for mounting, I proceeded to the entrance
and tapped for admission.

"Quien es?" said the voice of the portero.
"Who is it?"

"Don Pedro," I replied. "A friend."

The gate opened, and the porter, holding up
a small lantern, took a quick survey of my per-
son, and then said, with a polite bow:

"Enter, Senor Cavalero."

As I stepped in, he closed the heavy gate, and
calling to a servant, who was waiting in the patio,
or inner court, he bade him usher me into the
presence of the master of the house.

I must confess it was with some little trepi-
dation, arising from a kind of instinctive sense of
being on a dangerous mission, that I followed my
guide into a broad flight of stairs, and into the
large sala, or receiving hall, where, instead of
seeing a large party assembled for a fiesta, ac-
cording to the information of Don Pedro, I
found myself in the presence of only five per-
sons, three military officers and two ladies, who
were seated at a round mahogany table, and
were chatting away in a friendly and familiar
manner, while each looked and exhibited the
pleasant features of the evening.

This sala was some forty feet by twenty, and
the group I have mentioned sat near the center,
around a small table, on which stood a large
silver lamp, whose rays were not sufficient to
light the shadows from the remotest corners. The
hall had a tiled floor of stone—the walls were
hung with tapestry, ornamented with rich
mottos and a few paintings, principally of
religious, the most conspicuous of which was the
Virgin of Guadalupe, in a heavy frame, and oc-
cupying the post of honor—while the heavy fur-
niture consisted of a few cumbersome chairs,
a couple of settees, and perhaps a dozen niches

besides those in use. And this was the grand re-
ception-hall of a wealthy Mexican gentleman.
As the servant ushered me into the sala, the
ladies at once arose and came forward to meet
me; and the eldest, taking me by the hand, said,
in a tone of much cordiality:

"Welcome, Senor Cavalero! this poor dwell-
ing and all it contains is yours. Let me lead
you to a seat, and convince you you are in your
own home."

This reception took me by surprise; and had
I not been in some measure prepared for it, by
the remarks of my guide and my slight knowl-
edge of the customs of the country, I should
certainly have fancied that my hostess was
either insane or making sport of me. As it was,
remembering the purpose for which I had come
there, I felt not a little abashed and confused,
more especially as I perceived the dark, lustrous
eyes of the younger lady beaming upon me with
an expression of gentle interest. Was this la
Señorita Carlota, mentioned by Don Pedro?

A hurried glance showed me that she was both
young and beautiful. Her form was symmetri-
cal and graceful; her height a little above me-
dium; her features fine, regular, and of the
Spanish cast; her complexion dark and clear;
and her eyes full of that soft, shimmering fire,
if I may so express myself, which gives the
Spanish beauties such powerful hold upon all
who are susceptible to magnetic fascinations.

Both ladies were richly dressed in bright-colored
silks, a la Mexicana, with short waists and short
skirts, silk stockings and satin slippers, with the
long, rich ribbons folded gracefully around their
shoulders and breasts, and their persons fairly
glittered with jewels.

"I have some business with Don Ramon,"
said I, in my blindest time, and with my politest
bow, "and therefore I beg you will not let me
intrude upon your social privacy."

"You shall join us, Senor Cavalero," said
the younger, "and make us happy;" and her
soft, dark eyes, as she fixed them upon me, were
more persuasive than the words she uttered
in a musical tone.

"My father is at this mo-
ment engaged, but will soon be at liberty, and
will be most happy to serve you. Come," she
added, taking my hand, "let me lead you for-
ward and present you to your brother officers."

"Pardon me, fair lady!" said I; "but we
might not agree even in your presence—for they
serve the Spanish King, and your humble ser-
vant the Mexican Congress."

"You are mistaken, Senor," she replied, without
any apparent surprise, "and you can meet here
as friends, whatever you may do elsewhere."

"You will smoke a cigar with us?" said
the elder lady. "Carlota, the Senor Cavalero
will accept one at your hands."

"I could not refuse so fair a donor," returned
I, with a polite bow.

Carlota smiled, and led me forward to a seat
—first presenting me as a friend to her military
guests, who rose and bowed with constrained
politeness, and then exchanged glances with
each other—which, as I construed them, ex-
pressed anything rather than admiration of my
person, or delight at making my acquaintance in
such a manner. As my pride had by the time
restored my self-possession, I bowed with dig-
nity, and sat down with ease, the fair Señorita
seating herself by my side, and presenting to
me a cigarette, which she lighted and handed me,
with the remark that I must consider my-
self at home and in my own dwelling.

"The customs of your country are very dif-
ferent from mine," said I, addressing the ladies.
"You make a stranger at home before you know
his name or business—we never do more for an
out and in."

"You are mistaken," I replied, "I am a
native of the United States, and at present an officer
in the Patriot Army of Mexico, under General Don
Xavier Mina, whose name you have doubtless
heard. Mine is unknown to you; but it seems
proper I should introduce myself as Lieutenant
Edmund Lawrence."

The three military gentlemen at the exchange
of significant glances, and the eldest, a small,
swarthy man, about thirty-five years of age,
whose epaulettes proclaimed him an officer of
high rank, said, with what appeared to be
forced courtesy:

"May I inquire what the Senor Teniente Don
Edmund expects to accomplish by this intru-
sion in the face of the Royal Army?"

"That is a question, Senor, which is not in the
presence of an inferior an officer as your very
humble servant to answer," returned I, with a
dignified bow.

"Is Don Edmundo a judge of paintings?"
inquired Carlota, quickly, giving me a signifi-
cant glance, which I construed into a wish that
I should answer in the affirmative, in order to
turn the conversation and avoid unpleasant con-
siderations.

"I am an amateur," I replied; "but still
I think I can point out what I like."

"Let me show you a painting of Our Lady of
Guadalupe," she said, rising and taking up the
light. "Know me, Señores!" she said to the
officers; "I shall not leave you in total dark-
ness, and even were I to do so, what should
hinder you from seeing by the light of your own
bright eyes?"

By yours, Señorita, we might see, but not by
ours," returned one, with a laugh.

"The way, Don Edmundo!" she said to me,
as she advanced to the head of the hall, where,

in a large, heavy frame, of different colored
woods, hung the painting of the Saint Patroness
of Mexico. First making a low reverence, and
crossing herself devoutly, she held up the light,
and said: "Tell me what you think of this, as
a work of art?"

It was the portrait of a beautiful Spanish girl,
whose head was surrounded by a halo, and whose
figure had a soft, cloud-like outline, which con-
veyed the idea of an aerial or spiritual being.

The coloring was well done; the position and
countenance were natural, easy, and graceful; and
the whole, so far as I could perceive, had the
finish of a master. On one side, but in the back-
ground, was the figure of an Indian peasant, in
the act of climbing a steep, barren, rocky hill,
upon whose summit grew a cluster of roses, of
the brightest colors, and toward which descended
a stream of light from an invisible sun.

"It is beautiful," said I, "and, as a work of
art, I could far more readily yield it to some-
one than as a representative of faith."

"Because you are wanting in the true faith,"
she returned, with a smile.

"In what you consider the true faith, Senor-
ita," I rejoined.

"Do you know the history of the appearance
of Our Blessed Lady?" she inquired.

"I do not."

"You observe that Indian peasant, according
that rocky hill, to gather those flowers, where
never yet grew flower except miraculously?"

"I perceive the design, but do not understand
it."

"It is now almost three hundred years," she
pursed, "since a poor Indian, on passing the
rocky mountain of Tepeyac, near the city of
Mexico, heard a voice, and saw a vision, and on
looking up, beheld the Holy Virgin descending
from Heaven. She called him by name, and said:

"Juan Diego, go then to the Bishop of
Mexico, and say to him, that Mary the
Mother of God commands him to come up to
this mountain and worship her."

"Juan again did as directed; but the Bishop
again refused to see him, saying he must have
proof of such annunciation before he could be-
lieve it."

"Two days after, at the same place, the same
Heavenly vision for the third time appeared to
the favored Juan, and the voice said:

"Juan Diego, for the faithful performance of
the commands of the Virgin Mary, thou shalt
be forever blessed, and thy name be immortal
among men. Climb then to the top of the
barren mountain, gather the flowers thou there
shalt find, take them to the Bishop of Mexico,
and say to him, that Mary the Mother of God
bath sent thee for the third and last time, and
woe be to him if he doth not believe!"

"Juan Diego climbed the mountain, found the
flowers, and in his apron carried them, as he
supposed, to the unwelcoming Bishop; but on
opening his apron, and behold the flowers
were gone! and in their stead, upon the coarse
texture of the garment, was a beautiful like-
ness of the Virgin herself. The Bishop, amazed
at the miracle, no longer doubted, but forthwith
went up to the mountain and did her homage,
and had her canonized as the Holy Virgin of
Guadalupe, and thus and such like events
have since taken place upon the rocky
summit of Tepeyac, containing within it the
sacred garment of Don Diego, having upon it
the likeness of the Holy Mother of God."

"Such is the tradition, Señorita," said I;
"but do you believe it?"

"She turned upon me a quick, startled look,
and hastily crossing herself, exclaimed:

"Señorita! I am a heathen and an
infidel in doubt."

At this moment a door opened near where we
stood, and the servant entered with a light,
followed by three officers in full uniform—a
tall, middle-aged gentleman, with slightly gray
hair, in a citizen's dress—and by a sleek, good-
natured looking priest, in the long, loose gown
of his order.

CHAPTER XII.

A DIPLOMATIC INTERVIEW.

On seeing me, the foremost officer, a large,
portly man of fifty, with coarse, sensual features,
gave a slight start of surprise, made an abrupt
bow, and, turning quickly around to the rear,
exclaimed, in a tone more loud than musical,
more pronounced than polite:

"Don Ramon, who is this?"

"Father," said Carlota, starting quickly for-
ward, "let me present to you Don Edmundo,
an American, and an officer in the Patriot
Army."

"Say rather a chief among the rebel ruffians
which compose the troops of the heretical re-
public!" cried the first speaker, with angry
reverberation. "What do you here, know?" he
demanded, turning fiercely upon me, and bring-
ing his right hand to the hilt of his sword.

"Hold!" exclaimed Carlota, with haughty
dignity, and a flashing eye, as with the left air

of a queen she stepped quickly in front of me,
and boldly confronted the insolent speaker.
"General La Garza forgets himself!" she pro-
udly added. "Father, this dwelling is yours, and
Don Edmundo is our guest."

"Pardon me, your Excellency!" said the
middle-aged gentleman, as he stepped hastily
forward; "I fear your Excellency, in your haste,
has overlooked the fact, that this young officer—
belonging to which party he may—is at present a
guest beneath my roof."

"And am I to understand from this, that the
Senor Don Ramon de La Mora is disposed to
harbor and protect a heretic, rebel, and traitor?"

"By no means, your Excellency; but the man
is now beneath my roof; and respect to my
family and self will not permit me to counten-
ance either violence or ungentlemanly treat-
ment."

I had placed my hand upon the hilt of my
sword at the same moment with General La
Garza, and still stood in the attitude of one
about to draw his weapon in self defense; while
the other parties, including La Señora, having
hastened forward, now stood in a line at my
left, all more or less excited. I now spoke for
the first time, and said:

"I call all to bear witness, that since enter-
ing this dwelling I have behaved myself as a
gentleman, and have given no occasion for any
disturbance; and if I am to be molested, be-
cause I happen to stand here, single-handed,
against a superior force, I wish to know it, that
I may take measures accordingly."

"You are not to be molested, Senor," said
Carlota, proudly; "and shame to the man, no
matter what his station, who even harbors the
thought of abusing the hospitality of a La Mora."
You entered this dwelling in peace, and in
peace you shall depart."

"I thank you, Señorita," returned I, feeling
my bosom swell with admiration at the firm and
lively bearing of the heroic girl.

La Garza turned away, with a muttered mal-
lediction upon all heretical robbers; and calling his
staff aside, they entered into a low conversa-
tion, the purport of which I could only guess.
I now advanced to Don Ramon, who seemed
irresolute and confused, and in a polite tone
said:

"Could you favor me, Senor, with a private
interview of a few minutes?"

"Have you any business with me that cannot
be discussed where we are?" he nervously
inquired, in a low tone, glancing uneasily toward
the group of officers. "You see, Senor, I cannot
act as I would if alone, for already I am
suspected of a leaning toward the cause of the
Rebel—I should say the Patriota."

This was spoken almost in a whisper, and as
I looked directly in his face, I observed that he
was very pale and not a little agitated.

The expression of his features, on close in-
spection, in a few moments, glancing unobtrusively
toward the group of officers. "You see, Senor, I cannot
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ing his voice, looking cautiously around, and
speaking confidentially, "it was not because I
had any great liking for Don Felipe—for, be-
tween you and me, I think him a coarse, brutal fel-
low, and totally wanting in all the graces of the
gentleman—but because he is the commander
of a large force, and it behooves me to keep the
favor of one who has it in his power to rob me
of life and property at any moment."

"But he certainly could not carry matters to
such an extremity and go unpunished?" said I,
in surprise.

"Even so, Senor! Ah! *Vajamos Dios!* you
do not know the tyranny of the military rulers
of this poor country. God send that you and
your comrades bring better days!"

"But do you mean to say that General La
Garza, or any other general, could literally seize
your property, and put to death a gentleman of
your wealth and standing, and get clear of pun-
ishment?"

"He would never even have a trial, sir. He
would of course take care to report me a dan-
gerous Rebel; and if he ever heard of the matter
from headquarters, it would be in laudation of
his loyal zeal."

"Such then being the horrible state of affairs
here, I suppose we can count on you as a true
friend of the Patriota cause?"

"Sincerely, my friend—sincerely!" he said,
glancing uneasily toward him; "altered as I am,
I dare not act openly. Ah! Santa Maria de
Guadalupe! I pray for better days."

"But in respect to the ball?" pursued I;
"something occurred to change your design?"

"What did you mean any message to General
Mina in regard to it?"

"No! but I should have sent him an invita-
tion, if I had not feared his foe; you see it
would not do for the two generals to meet
here."

"No, I did not mean that, Senor."

"What then?"

"You sent him any message by one Don
Pedro Ormaza?"

"I know no such person."

"Well, it may not be improper to state,
though not from what source, that General Mina
received information that there would be a ball
at your hacienda this night, and that General
La Garza and staff were expected to be present."

"I suppose the report went abroad at the
time I speak of, and General Mina got his in-
formation from some one who had heard nothing
to the contrary."

"I have been thus inquisitive, Senor," said I,
"not from any design of prying into your secret
affairs, but because I suspected the party inform-
ing, of falsehood and treachery, and felt anxious
to know if he had any grounds for his asser-
tion. I am glad to find my suspicions were un-
founded. And now, Senor, not to detain you, pray
send your eye over these letters, and give me an
answer for General Mina."

I handed him the missive, and watched him
closely as he opened and read them. He changed
color more than once, and seemed not a little
troubled at the contents; but at length replied,
in a low, nervous tone:

"I am disposed to visit General Mina; but if
it were known to General La Garza, it would
not meet me unobscured, and perhaps death."

"Have no fear, Senor, that anything you may
confide in me will reach other ears than my com-
mander's."

"In this letter, which I will forthwith de-
stroy," he continued, holding it in the light till
it was one complete blaze, and then throwing it
upon the fire. "In this letter your General
says that whatever I am disposed to contribute,
shall, for appearance sake, be taken from me by
force; while in this, (holding up the other), he
makes a formal demand for a certain amount, in
the name of the Mexican Congress."

"I am aware of this, Senor," said I, as he
passed. "General Mina was kind enough to
give me his full confidence in the matter."

"Well, I will not write a reply," he rejoined;
"but tell him he has my free consent to do as he
likes, and that I am at his service."

"I will do so, Senor," said I, as he passed.
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the carrier's ear that he was not authorized to
 provide that name.

by the clerk inquired: "Waiting for anything?"
"No," said Clark. "What for?"
"Why, my income tax was only \$0.37, and
understand the Government would make it up for
me?"

...on the way... he was not naturalized and could not vote.

² Why, my income tax was only \$127, and understood the Government would make it up for me?"

15 The man who courts a young lady in
16 daylight probably expects to get a wife
17 tomorrow.

IF.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROBERTS.

If he would come to-day, to-day, to-day,
Oh, what a day to-day would be!
But now he's away, miles and miles away
From me across the sea.

Oh, little bird, flying, flying,
To your nest of the warm west
Tell him as you pass that I am dying,
As you pass home to your nest.

I have a sister, I have a brother,
A faithful bond, a true white dove;
But I had another, once I had another,
And I miss him, my love, my love!

In this weary world it is so cold, so cold,
While I sit here all alone;
I would not like to wait and to grow old,
But just to be dead and gone.

Make me fair when I lie dead on my bed,
Fair where I am lying;
Perhaps he may come and look upon me dead—
He for whom I'm dying.

Dig my grave for two, with a stone to show it,
And the stone write my name;
If he never comes, I shall never know it,
But sleep on all the same.

OUR BOY.

Everybody has a "sum total" grievance. With some it is "rheumatism" with some it is "tars" with some "minds-of-all-work." But do you know, O reader, what distances all these put together, and make a complete extinction of comfort, security, and peace? You don't? Then I will tell you. It is a boy! What the dear boy who lies in his cradle or on his bed, with eyes of turquoise, lips of coral, cheeks of rose-red, hair of golden down, dimples and delights in every gesture, miracle of genius in every movement of his little wax-work hands—mamma's first!

Oh, no; not that boy!
"You surely don't mean our Reginald at Eaton—that high-spirited, noble-hearted prodigy of wit and wisdom in embryo, who is on the high-road to being a leading patriot, assembling the House of Commons, and raising himself to the peerage?"

Oh, no; not Reginald.
"Then what boy do you mean?"
"Our boy"—simply the thing known by that designation. Perhaps you never had "a boy."

If so, you may be thankful. Take rheumatism, tars, and rebellious or incompetent minds-of-all-work in calm re-ignation. You, indeed, know something of domestic affliction, but not what they do who "keep a boy."

"Ah! You don't like boys?"
Yes, I do, in series, where they are made clever, agreeable, amusing, and good; or where, if they have faults, they don't affect my peace.

Nay, I can admire them when I see them strayed in every rank of life: I can smile at their mischief, and applaud their courage and their openness of spirit; but at home, that is quite another thing.

We had outstayed our friends in the town in which we had long lived. Some had died, some had removed. In an evil hour we took it into our heads that we would go and live in the country, and make ourselves with rural success. A neat little cottage was soon found, about three miles from the market town, where we established ourselves. There was a pleasant garden behind, which only wanted culture to be profitable. Three miles out and three back made too long a walk for people past the meridian of life, who had never been used to more than the town parade, or the roadside walk to the terrace and back; so, as it would be convenient for market purchases, and to call on the few friends left to us, we resolved to keep a pony and a little chaise. The garden, and the pony, and the little chaise altogether, made a formidable demand on labor; yet in our small house, with our small family, and our humble style of doing things, it seemed monstrous to set up a man.

In another hour, our landlord, when he called to see if we were "all right," was as breathless as to advise us—as if he were providing us with an unexceptionable benefit—to keep a boy!

"A boy is what you want," he said; "he will dig your garden, raise your vegetables, with a little looking after; and manage your flowers. He will dress the pony, clean the carriage, and keep the harness bright. He will carry water from the well for you, he will clean your knives, brush your boots and shoes, and do a hundred jobs for your maid; and if you provide him with a neat dress for indoors, he will wait at table—in fact, you may turn him to account in a hundred ways."

Poor deluded victims that we were! We believed him, and wondered how we could have lived so long and so comfortably without "a boy!"

It was no wonder, therefore, that we wanted a boy, that applicants for the place were extensively numerous. The mothers, in most instances, came with them, and they all gave such excellent characters to their hopeful sons, that the difficulty was to choose the best out of so many perfect.

The maid, who had, like ourselves, indulged in any notion on the prospect of our adoption, was rather distrustful of the appearance of our selection. Certainly his aspect was not brilliant; but then, as the mother suggested, good living and our neat house would make a deal of difference in his looks.

It is of no use to describe our gradual awakening from false expectations in this our first experience; suffice it to say, that, having seen everything that came in his way, and gone out of his way to find where he wasn't satisfied, as if his sole purpose in coming was to make up for the hunger of a hard winter and hard labor at home, we dismissed him with the reasonable remuneration that, though we were ready to take working and eating together, we had an objection to the latter by itself.

"It was a pity we didn't take Thomas," we remarked to one another; "he was a sharp-looking lad, and would be of service."

Perhaps he was at liberty still!

Yes, and very willing to come; in fact, our little son was a good advertisement of the place. He had come in and gone out like the wheel in the table, who had eaten himself into a sleek condition, that agreed from his back was no easy matter.

Thomas was clever, and with sorrow we

found we could say the whole saying, with a vengeance! He soon discovered that his predecessor had left everything in dirt and disorder; the harness was well-nigh spoiled; the knives were hacked like saws; the weeds had only been nudged a little on one side, here and there, instead of cleared; the pony would never come close. He was the boy our landlord had meant when he told us we must keep one. We congratulated one another, we got quite cheerful; we praised him—we begged the maid to make him comfortable—we smiled on him, listened to all his sharp sayings—gave him a new dress instead of the old one, which had got quite into the shape of its ungainly wearer, and settled down solemnly satisfied. Now we should have vegetables! Now we should have flowers! Now the carriage, which we had seldom used with comfort, from its being so dirty, would be at our command, and we should be able to cut our meat instead of saving it, a great comfort among small ones.

All went on delightfully for a full month; the maid was the only one who wasn't quite happy. Well, a month's peace is worth having, and we couldn't see to fear better the information we got from a neighbor, that our "clever boy" was in the habit of lending the pony to his friends when we believed it to be safe in the paddock we had hired for it to graze in; that he was intimate with poachers, to whom he was very liberal with our bear (having a second key to the tap, for he was very clever); and, in fact, that he committed other enormities, which, on the principle of "not greasing the cook's paten," we won't here enumerate.

We were greatly moved at this revelation, and consulted as to the best mode of proceeding.

"Better charge him with it at once," said one; "he is ingenious; with ill will, he is ashamed, and beg forgiveness; he has fallen into bad habits, poor fellow; we must remember, he is but a boy!"

"But," returned the other, "he may be better brought back if we only find that he has heard rumors and suspect him; this will put him on his guard; we will touch significantly on the importance of character; he will be warned; it is better he should not think we know anything; it might damp his spirits, and deprive his energies, poor boy!"

While we were thus debating, Thomas had discovered from the maid that we had had a visitor—he had seen our faces through the keyhole after the departure of the said visitor; and when we rang the bell and told the maid to send him into the room, (which we did with much uneasiness at the visitation we were about to give him,) she said he was gone to the paddock to see to the pony.

This was a relief—a respite; dinner time came, and, as the knives were not clean, we were driven back to the old saw; night came, but not Thomas; he had thought it prudent (perhaps to spare our feelings) to depart; and that we might not be too anxious as to his going unaccountably, he had taken the pony, which was found in the road miles off. We never saw him again!

Everybody was shocked. We were considerably reprehensible, every, for not pursuing him and bringing him to justice. This was out of the question. We had been unanswerable for him for one month only, had suffered enough already, and were not going to harrow up our feelings any more.

Our maid now told us that she had always "seen through" Thomas, that he had to commit all sorts of enormities after the first three days, had done no more work than the others, and had often declared he couldn't live long with such "muffs."

We agreed we wouldn't have a clever boy again, and we didn't; there we followed out our intentions. We had every variety but clever, and honest, and industrious, and clean; those, perhaps, did exist somewhere, for some people, but not for us! We changed with the seasons, sometimes we got one more hopeful, but he was sure to be ill-tempered, and quarrelled with the maid, and as she had been with us a very long time, and we were much attached to her, we inclined to her side in the matter, and dismissed him. At last we engaged one older than his predecessors, but still, in our estimation, a boy.

We dared not feel anything like fresh hope, but a tremendous willingness to be deceived was kindled in us, and as day followed day, and week followed week, without any complaints from Sarah, and the work went on apparently well, we breathed freely.

I should think we might venture to go to the sea for a fortnight, before the autumn is quite gone; Sarah is so satisfied with Joseph, and he is so ready!

Certainly! How pleasant! We were quite charmed. He had been summoned, and informed of our intentions.

She looked up and down, and beautiful, and smiled and fingered. Sarah was forty-two, with a long, thin face, and much freckled, and red hair.

We thought she was growing silly, and looked at her. After a cough or two, she mentioned not something about "her and Joseph being left alone together!"

We were diverted at the notion of an impromptu, and laughed outright, whereat Sarah drew up, and, to our unutterable amusement and disgust, informed us that she and Joseph were engaged, and were going to be married at Christmas—in fact, that she had been some days on the point of giving us notice, that we might provide ourselves in time.

Well! Joseph was our last boy, and our honorable dismissal of him the dearest way of a servant who had become indispensable to us on account of some pearly fifty pounds she had saved in our service!

Reader, we sold the carriage and pony gave up the cottage, and went back to the town, walked on the turpentine road, bought our vegetables, did without flowers, and in the very depth of domestic troubles noticed ourselves with the thought, "We have to buy!"

A young man was killed in London recently by a criminal. Walking along the street, he was caught in a lady's skirt, and he was thrown to the pavement. The coroner, on the inquest, said he knew of four recent cases of death from similar causes. The jury rendered a verdict of "accidental death from tripping on a woman's crinoline."

The use of the language is becoming common. This other day a member of Congress, while to say in fine English, that a friend of his had died, told the House of Representatives, that "his gentlemanly spirit winged its way to his Maker."

MODERN VS. ANCIENT TIMES.

"Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days are better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."—Ecc. viii-10.

Some people have great respect for the past; they venerate anything that is ancient, and are forever harping about the infelicities of the present age. They strive to make you believe that the times in which we live are not to be compared with those which have preceded. But did you ever pin those people down to the particulars when they talk about the good old days of yore? They tell you that man is degenerating, mentally and physically, that morality is increasing, that civility and fashion completely control our young men and maidens, and that we are all going to smash generally. "Oh, dear," they say, when they hear of a railroad or steamboat accident, or a bank failure, or of a man struck on the head with a brickbat, or of some old society cheated out of his money by a thimble-rig, or of a confidence-man. "Oh, dear," what are we coming to; the world is growing worse every day; it will soon not be fit for quiet, respectable people to live in." "You need not talk to me about the improvements and comforts and privileges and advantages of these times. I tell you they are not to be compared to the good old days of Adam and Eve. Then there was peace and quiet and comfort, and people lived naturally and simply and rationally, and didn't go through life on the whirl, but they enjoyed themselves, lived well and took things easily." Now that kind of talk sounds pretty, but I can't make up my mind to believe it. Adam, as far as I can learn, was a tolerably respectable man, belonging to the class of the first families, owned considerable wild land, almost controlled public sentiment, and, in fact, was looked up to and was acknowledged as the man of his neighborhood, and for a long time on influenced the community that he had everything about his own way. But finally, he was unfortunate, failed in business, was forced to emigrate, and not a solitary friend ever raised a hand to help him. His wife, judging from her portrait, was a beautiful woman, who was very low-backed dressed and who was an aristocrat and exaltee, that she didn't go out to a dinner party for over twenty years. Her children were no better behaved than their father's. It is said that her eldest boy gave one of his brothers such a punishment that he never recovered from it; that the girl never would visit out of the family, and that one, if not more, of the sons had the bad taste to marry relatives several degrees nearer than first cousins. These same people will talk of the excellencies of the patriarchal system, and the high tone of morals then prevailing, and they say that that honest was the rule and not the exception. Now, allow me to give you an example of that system. Jacob is generally considered as a representative man of those days—had more slaves and landed more money than any other man in his district; but if there is any member of the club who thinks his mode of travelling or courtship, or his treatment of servant girls, or his style of farming, or the out of his son's fancy coat, or his boy's mode of floundering (raising the wind by selling their brother) was any better, or was even equal to the present style of doing the same thing, I don't agree with him.

History tells us that Solomon was an A. T. man in his day; a sort of Agassiz and A. T. Stewart mixed; well posted in birds and fishes, in the price of timber and all sorts of brass works; who had as many wives to take care of him and keep him comfortable as Brigham Young, and when the writers of those days used to brag on as the paragon of mankind as he equalled in all times, past or future, but I think most of the Northern world has more advantages than he had. Solomon never went to Sunday school, or had white sugar in his tea, or the morning paper with his coffee, or rubber boots, or took chloroform when his tooth was pulled, or read his Bible by gaslight, or had his photograph taken. Charlemagne was another tip-top king in his day, who conquered all the nations around him, and made the Pope himself get down on his knees and do him homage; but he never carried an umbrella, or was vaccinated, or had a six-shooter in his pocket, or rode on a railroad, or owned stock in an express company, or had an iron clad gunboat or a breech-loading rifle. It is the merest pangloss to talk about the excellencies and advantages of the age of chivalry, and to say that the men and women of those days were better bred, and more polite, and tender of the fair sex and of the weak and defenceless than people are now. Just now they treated the Maid of Orleans, that woman's rights man, who thought she could do what a man couldn't. 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